

# WIGMORE HALL

Friday 23 June 2023  
7.00pm

Supported by The Woolbeding Charity

Ema Nikolovska mezzo-soprano  
Jonathan Ware piano

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Ständchen Op. 106 No. 1 (c.1888)

Der Gang zum Liebchen Op. 48 No. 1 (1859-62)

Lerchengesang Op. 70 No. 2 (1877)

Über die Heide Op. 86 No. 4 (c.1877)

Sapphische Ode Op. 94 No. 4 (1883-4)

Botschaft Op. 47 No. 1 (by 1868)

Rita Strohl (1865-1941)

Roses dans la nuit from *12 chants de Bilitis* (by 1898)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

La flûte de Pan from *Chansons de Bilitis* (1897-8)

Rita Strohl

Le serment from *12 chants de Bilitis*

Claude Debussy

La chevelure from *Chansons de Bilitis*

Rita Strohl

Les remords from *12 chants de Bilitis*

Claude Debussy

Le tombeau des naïades from *Chansons de Bilitis*

Rita Strohl

La nuit from *12 chants de Bilitis*

Interval

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Kerner Lieder Op. 35 (1840)

*Lust der Sturmnacht • Stirb, Lieb und Freud! •*

*Wanderlied • Erstes Grün •*

*Sehnsucht nach der Waldgegend •*

*Auf das Trinkglas eines verstorbenen Freundes •*

*Wanderung • Stille Liebe • Frage • Stille Tränen •*

*Wer machte dich so krank? • Alte Laute*

Abendlied Op. 107 No. 6 (1851-2)

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The six **Brahms** songs were written between 1868 and 1888, all on texts by different poets. Brahms had an extensive, ever-expanding library, and was always on the hunt for new literary sources. He had a few long-standing favourite poets for song-writing, including Georg Friedrich Daumer ('Botschaft'), but he also leafed through unsolicited tomes sent to him by younger and lesser-known figures – this is how he came across Hans Schmidt's 'Sapphische Ode'. We also hear poems by the Biedermeier politician and salonier Franz Kugler, the celebrated realist Theodor Storm, the overlooked Alsace poet Karl Candidus and the Bohemian writer and translator Josef Wenzig, whose 'Der Gang zum Liebchen' inspired multiple settings by Brahms.

The opening pairing of 'Ständchen' and 'Der Gang zum Liebchen' takes us to two moonlit scenarios: the first a musical serenade with a sense of bright anticipation; the second, in the relative minor, darker and agitated – the moon sets as the song commences its strophic repeat. The ethereal, reflective piano basis for 'Lerchengesang' brings an idyllic stillness, above which the vocal line traces drifting contours around a narrow range, as if floating along a light spring breeze. The piano parts of 'Über die Heide' and 'Sapphische Ode' both use prominent off-beats, but while this lends an ominous, creeping quality to the former, in 'Sapphische Ode' it provides a comforting, gentle pulse. Here, Brahms uses a strophic form, which both enhances the sense of formal rigour followed by the poet, and allows us to enjoy twice the magisterial beauty of his music. The concluding 'Botschaft' sends a romantic message through a gentle breeze to the cheek of the beloved – though the piano part may feel more like a whirlwind in its rapid motion, excited almost to the point of frenzy.

While Schmidt's careful emulation of Sappho belonged to a group of poems titled 'in antiker Form' – making clear the motivation for his pastiche – the case of Pierre Louÿs's *Chansons de Bilitis* takes us to an extreme of 19th-century literary fascination with antiquity. Louÿs presented his 1895 volume as the first French translation of little-known poems by Bilitis, a near-contemporary of Sappho from Pamphylia. The poems are divided into three sections, roughly charting the course of Bilitis's life; their powerful imagery and explicit sexual content – including abundant lesbian eroticism – immediately caught the attention of *fin-de-siècle* readers, composers and artists. That Bilitis and her poems were actually an elaborate, meticulous work of fiction by Louÿs only added to their intrigue and ultimate cult status, and as the 20th Century progressed, the fictional Bilitis lent her name to various radical lesbian movements. The Strohl and Debussy settings we hear tonight are all drawn from the first section, *Bucoliques en Pamphylie*, and the selection includes naive romance and sexual frisson before following the dark turn taken towards the conclusion of Part 1: Bilitis is raped by her first (male) love, and the pastoral landscape is symbolically dissolved with the death of Bilitis's beloved nymphs and satyrs.

The Breton composer **Rita Strohl** was a close contemporary of Debussy and frequented similar Parisian circles until she abruptly left the city in 1905. Like many of her peers, Strohl developed keen interests in the ancient world – she wrote operas on Celtic, Christian and Hindu themes – and also pursued interests in mysticism and theosophy. Her *12 Chants de Bilitis* of 1898 were, for a time, popular in Paris and performed by famous mezzo-soprano Jane Bathori. **Debussy's** three *Chansons de Bilitis* of 1897 were immediately celebrated and remain among his best-loved songs, not least for their intricate text-setting and enchanting evocations of antiquity through the use of modes. The alternating selection of Strohl and Debussy here allows us to appreciate the early compositional reception of Louÿs's poems beyond the towering Debussy set.

**Robert Schumann** had set poems by Justinus Kerner as early as 1828, but he and Clara were freshly enchanted by the poet in 1840. This was a turbulent year for the couple, as they fought Friedrich Wieck's (Clara's father) bitter remonstrances against their marriage; it was also the year in which Robert produced much of his best-known song output. The *12 Gedichte von Justinus Kerner* were composed in the months after their eventual marriage in September, and entries in their joint domestic diary show indications of compositional progress alongside allusions to Clara's first pregnancy. Schumann referred to the songs as a *Liederreihe* ('song row') rather than a cycle: musical and narrative ideas recur, but there is less overarching unity than in other 1840 cycles. With the exception of 'Wanderlied' (No. 3) and 'Wanderung' (No. 7), which became popular standalone baritone songs, the set as a whole struggled to find a steady place in the performing repertoire until the mid-20th Century.

Many of the songs deal with archetypal Romantic themes of wandering, love and loss, reflected through the experience of nature. The second, the ballad-like 'Stirb, Lieb und Freud!', is by far the longest of the set, and once again we find evocations of older music, this time of the Christian church: it tells the story of a young woman taking holy vows and leaving the pleasures of her former life behind – and the protagonist heartbroken. As the set progresses, there are several short, austere songs which anticipate elements of the composer's later song-writing style, while the emotional climax is reached in the pairing of 'Stille Liebe' (No. 8) and 'Stille Tränen' (No. 10).

A gem of Schumann's later song output, 'Abendlied' is a setting of Gottfried Kinkel and ends the *6 Gesänge* Op. 107 (1851-2). A gently optimistic song that returns us to the realm of the night, Schumann's calm, chordal ending softens the sparse and pessimistic close of the *Kerner-Lieder*.

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## Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

### Ständchen Op. 106

#### No. 1 (c.1888)

*Franz Kugler*

Der Mond steht über dem  
Berge,  
So recht für verliebte Leut;  
Im Garten rieselt ein  
Brunnen,  
Sonst Stille weit und  
breit.

Neben der Mauer, im  
Schatten,  
Da stehn der Studenten drei  
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und  
Zither,  
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der  
Schönsten  
Sacht in den Traum hinein,  
Sie schaut den blonden  
Geliebten  
Und lispelt: „Vergiss nicht  
mein.“

### Der Gang zum Liebchen Op. 48 No. 1

(1859-62)

*Josef Wenzig*

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,  
Ich sollte doch wieder  
Zu meinem Liebchen,  
Wie mag es ihr gehn?

Ach weh, sie verzaget  
Und klaget, und klaget,  
Dass sie mich nimmer  
Im Leben wird sehn!

Es ging der Mond unter,  
Ich eilte doch munter,  
Und eilte, dass keiner  
Mein Liebchen entführt.

Ihr Täubchen, o girret,  
Ihr Lüftchen, o  
schwirret,  
Dass keiner mein Liebchen,  
Mein Liebchen entführt!

### Serenade

The moon shines over the  
mountain,  
just right for people in love;  
a fountain purls in the  
garden –  
otherwise silence far and  
wide.

By the wall in the  
shadows,  
three students stand  
with flute and fiddle and  
zither,  
and sing and play.

The sounds steal softly  
into the dreams  
of the loveliest of girls,  
she sees her fair-headed  
lover  
and whispers:  
‘Remember me.’

### The walk to the beloved

The moon shines down,  
so I should set out  
again to my love,  
how is she, I wonder?

Alas, she's despairing  
and lamenting, lamenting,  
she'll never see  
me again in her life!

The moon went down,  
but I hurried off happily,  
hurried so that no one  
should steal my love.

Keep cooing, you doves,  
keep whispering, you  
breezes,  
so that no one  
should steal my love!

## Lerchengesang Op. 70

### No. 2 (1877)

*Karl August Candidus*

Ätherische ferne Stimmen,  
Der Lerchen himmlische  
Grüsse,  
Wie regt ihr mir so süsse die  
Brust,  
Ihr lieblichen Stimmen!

Ich schliesse leis mein Auge,  
Da ziehn Erinnerungen  
In sanften Dämmerungen,  
Durchweht vom  
Frühlingshauche.

## Larks singing

Ethereal distant voices,  
heavenly greetings of the  
larks,  
how sweetly you stir my  
breast,  
you delightful voices.

Gently I close my eyes,  
and memories pass by  
in soft twilights,  
pervaded by the breath of  
spring.

## Über die Heide Op. 86

### No. 4 (c.1877)

*Theodor Storm*

Über die Heide hallet mein  
Schritt;  
Dumpf aus der Erde wandert  
es mit.

Herbst ist gekommen,  
Frühling ist weit,  
Gab es denn einmal selige  
Zeit?

Brauende Nebel geisten  
umher,  
Schwarz ist das Kraut und  
der Himmel so leer.

Wär ich nur hier nicht  
gegangen im Mai!  
Leben und Liebe – wie flog  
es vorbei!

## Over the heath

Over the heath my steps  
resound;  
muffled sounds from the  
earth wander with me.

Autumn has come, spring  
is far distant,  
did rapture once really  
exist?

Swirling mists ghost  
about,  
the heather is black and  
the sky so empty.

Had I never wandered  
here in May!  
Life and love – how they  
flew by!

**Sapphische Ode**  
**Op. 94 No. 4** (1883-4)  
*Hans Schmidt*

Rosen brach ich nachts mir  
am dunklen Hage,  
Süsser hauchten Duft  
sie, als je am  
Tage;  
Doch verstreuten reich die  
bewegten Äste  
Tau, der mich nässte.

Auch der Küsse  
Duft mich wie nie berückte,

Die ich nachts vom  
Strauch deiner Lippen  
pflückte;  
Doch auch dir, bewegt im  
Gemüt gleich jenen,  
Tauten die Tränen.

**Botschaft Op. 47 No. 1**  
(by 1868)  
*Georg Friedrich Daumer,*  
*after Hafez*

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und  
lieblich  
Um die Wange der  
Geliebten,  
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,  
Eile nicht, hinwegzuflehn!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die  
Frage,  
Wie es um mich Armen  
stehe;  
Sprich: „Unendlich war sein  
Wehe,  
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;

Aber jetzo kann er hoffen  
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,  
Denn du, Holde,  
Denkst an ihn.“

**Sapphische Ode**  
I gathered roses from the  
dark hedge by night,  
The fragrance they  
breathed was sweeter  
than by day;  
But when I moved the  
branches, they showered  
Me with dew.

And the fragrant kisses  
thrilled me as never  
before,  
When I gathered them  
from your rose-bush  
lips by night;  
But you too, moved in your  
heart like those roses,  
Shed the dew of tears.

**A message**

Blow, breeze, gently and  
sweetly  
about the cheek of my  
beloved,  
play softly with her tresses,  
make no haste to fly away!

Then if she should  
chance to ask  
how things are with  
wretched me,  
say: 'His sorrow's been  
unending,  
his condition most grave;

But now he can hope  
to revel in life once more,  
for you, fair one,  
think of him.'

**Rita Strohl** (1865-1941)

**Roses dans la nuit from** **Roses in the night**  
**12 chants de Bilitis** (by  
1898)  
*Pierre Louÿs*

Dès que la nuit monte au ciel,  
Le monde est à nous, et aux  
dieux.  
Nous allons des champs à la  
source,  
Des bois obscurs aux  
clairières,  
Où nous mènent nos pieds  
nus.

Les petites étoiles brillent  
assez  
Pour les petites ombres que  
nous sommes.  
Quelquefois, sous les  
branches basses,  
Nous trouvons des biches  
endormies.

Mais plus charmant la nuit  
que toute autre chose,  
Il est un lieu connu de nous  
seuls  
Et qui nous attire à travers la  
forêt :  
Un buisson de roses  
mystérieuses.

Car rien n'est divin sur la  
terre  
A l'égal du parfum des roses  
dans la nuit.  
Comment se fait-il qu'au  
temps où j'étais seule  
Je ne m'en sentais pas  
enivrée?

As soon as the night  
ascends to the sky,  
the world belongs to us,  
and the gods.  
We go from the fields, to  
the source,  
from dark woods to  
clearings  
where our bare feet take  
us.

Little stars shine bright  
enough  
for the little shadows that  
we are.  
Sometimes, under the  
lower branches,  
we find sleeping  
deer.

But more charming at night  
than anything else,  
there is a place known  
only to us  
and which draws us  
through the forest:  
a bush of mysterious  
roses.

For nothing is as divine  
on earth  
like the scent of roses in  
the night.  
How is it that in the time I  
was alone  
I did not feel intoxicated  
by it?

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

La flûte de Pan from The flute of Pan  
Chansons de Bilitis

(1897-8)  
Pierre Louÿs

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,  
il m'a donné une syrinx  
faite de roseaux bien  
taillés, unis avec la blanche  
cire qui est douce à mes  
lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur  
ses genoux; mais je suis un  
peu tremblante. Il en joue  
après moi, si doucement que  
je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,  
tant nous sommes près l'un  
de l'autre; mais nos chansons  
veulent se répondre, et tour à  
tour nos bouches s'unissent  
sur la flûte.

Il est tard; voici le chant des  
grenouilles vertes qui  
commence avec la nuit. Ma  
mère ne croira jamais que  
je suis restée si longtemps  
à chercher ma ceinture  
perdue.

For Hyacinthus day he  
gave me a syrinx made  
of carefully cut reeds,  
bonded with white wax  
which tastes sweet to  
my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, as  
I sit on his lap; but I am  
a little fearful. He plays  
it after me, so gently  
that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say,  
so close are we one to  
another, but our songs  
try to answer each  
other, and our mouths  
join in turn on the flute.

It is late; here is the song  
of the green frogs that  
begins with the night.  
My mother will never  
believe I stayed out so  
long to look for my lost  
sash.

Rita Strohl

Le serment from 12 The oath  
chants de Bilitis

Pierre Louÿs

«Lorsque l'eau des fleuves  
remontera  
Jusqu'aux sommets couverts  
de neiges;  
Lorsqu'on sèmera l'orge et le  
blé  
Dans les sillons mouvants de  
la mer;

Lorsque les pins naîtront des  
lacs  
Et les nénufars des  
rochers,  
Lorsque le soleil deviendra  
noir,  
Lorsque la lune tombera sur  
l'herbe;

'When the water of the  
rivers rises  
to the peaks covered with  
snow;  
when we sow barley and  
wheat  
in the moving furrows of  
the sea;

When the pines will be  
born from the lakes  
and the water lilies on the  
rocks,  
when the sun will become  
black,  
when the moon will fall on  
the grass;

Alors, mais alors seulement,  
Je prendrai une autre femme,  
Et je t'oublierai, Bilitis,  
Ame de ma vie, coeur de  
mon cœur».

Il me l'a dit, il me l'a  
dit!  
Que m'importe le reste du  
monde!  
Où es-tu, bonheur  
insensé  
Qui te compares à mon  
bonheur!

Then, but only then,  
I will take another wife,  
and I will forget you, Bilitis,  
soul of my life, heart of  
my heart,'

He said to me, he said to  
me!  
What does the world  
matter to me!  
Where are you, senseless  
happiness  
which you liken to my  
happiness!

Claude Debussy

La chevelure from The tresses of hair  
Chansons de Bilitis

Pierre Louÿs

Il m'a dit: 'Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.  
J'avais ta chevelure autour  
de mon cou. J'avais tes  
cheveux comme un collier  
noir autour de ma nuque et  
sur ma poitrine.

'Je les caressais, et c'étaient les  
miens; et nous étions liés pour  
toujours ainsi, par la même  
chevelure la bouche sur la  
bouche, ainsi que deux  
lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une  
racine.

'Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,  
tant nos membres étaient  
confondus, que je devenais  
toi-même ou que tu entraais  
en moi comme mon  
songe.'

He said to me: 'Last night I  
dreamed. I had your  
tresses around my neck. I  
had your hair like a black  
necklace all round my  
nape and over my breast.

I caressed it and it was  
mine; and we were  
united thus forever by  
the same tresses,  
mouth on mouth, just  
as two laurels often  
share one root.

And gradually it seemed  
to me, so intertwined  
were our limbs, that I  
was becoming you, or  
you were entering into  
me like a dream.'

Quand il eut achevé, il mit  
doucement ses mains sur  
mes épaules, et il me  
regarda d'un regard si  
tendre, que je baissai les  
yeux avec un frisson.

When he had finished, he  
gently set his hands on  
my shoulders and  
gazed at me so  
tenderly that I lowered  
my eyes with a shiver.

Rita Strohl

Les remords from 12  
chants de Bilitis

Pierre Louÿs

D’abord je n’ai pas répondu,  
Et j’avais la honte sur les  
joues,  
Et les battements de mon cœur  
Faisaient mal à mes seins.

Puis j’ai résisté, j’ai dit: «Non.  
Non.»  
J’ai tourné la tête en arrière  
Et le baiser n’a pas franchi  
mes lèvres,  
Ni l’amour mes genoux  
serrés.

Alors il m’a demandé pardon,  
  
Il m’a embrassé les cheveux,  
J’ai senti son haleine brûlante,  
Et il est parti... Maintenant je  
suis seule.

Je regarde la place vide,  
Le bois désert, la terre  
foulée.  
Et je mords mes poings  
jusqu’au sang  
Et j’étouffe mes cris dans  
l’herbe.

Claude Debussy

Le tombeau des  
naïades from  
Chansons de Bilitis

Pierre Louÿs

Le long du bois couvert de  
givre, je marchais; mes  
cheveux devant ma bouche  
se fleurissaient de petits  
glaçons, et mes sandales  
étaient lourdes de neige  
fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: ‘Que cherches-tu?’  
– ‘Je suis la trace du satyre.  
Ses petits pas fourchus  
alternent des trous dans  
un manteau blanc.’ Il me  
dit: ‘Les satyres sont morts.

Remorse

At first I did not answer  
and I had shame on my  
cheeks,  
and the beats of my heart  
hurt my breasts.

Then I resisted, I said, ‘No.  
No.’  
I turned my head away  
and the kiss did not cross  
my lips  
nor did love cross my  
tight knees.

So he asked me for  
forgiveness,  
he kissed my hair,  
I felt his burning breath  
and he left... Now I am  
alone.

I look at the empty place:  
the deserted wood, the  
trodden earth.  
And I bite my fists until I  
bleed  
and I stifle my cries in the  
grass.

The tomb of the  
Naiads

Along the frost-bound  
wood I walked; my hair,  
across my mouth,  
blossomed with tiny  
icicles, and my sandals  
were heavy with  
muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: ‘What do you  
seek?’ ‘I follow the satyr’s  
track. His little cloven hoof  
marks alternate like holes  
in a white cloak.’ He said  
to me: ‘The satyrs are  
dead.

‘Les satyres et les nymphes  
aussi. Depuis trente ans il  
n’a pas fait un hiver aussi  
terrible. La trace que tu  
vois est celle d’un bouc.  
Mais restons ici, où est leur  
tombeau.’

Et avec le fer de sa houe  
il cassa la glace de la  
source où jadis riaient  
les naïades. Il prenait de  
grands morceaux  
froids, et les soulevant vers  
le ciel pâle, il regardait au  
travers.

Rita Strohl

La nuit from 12 chants  
de Bilitis

Pierre Louÿs

C’est moi maintenant qui le  
recherche.  
Chaque nuit, très doucement, je  
quitte la maison,  
Et je vais par une longue route,  
Jusqu’à sa prairie, le regarder  
dormir.

Quelquefois je reste  
longtemps sans parler,  
Heureuse de le voir seulement,  
Et j’approche mes lèvres des  
siennes,  
Pour ne baiser que son haleine.

Puis tout à coup je m’étends  
sur lui.  
Il se réveille dans mes bras,  
Et il ne peut plus se  
relever car je  
lutte!  
Il renonce, et rit, et  
m’étreint.  
Ainsi nous jouons dans la nuit.

...Première aube, ô clarté  
méchante, toi déjà?  
En quel antre toujours  
nocturne,  
Sur quelle prairie souterraine  
pourrons-nous  
Si longtemps aimer, que nous  
perdions ton souvenir?...

The satyrs and the nymphs  
too. For thirty years there  
has not been so harsh a  
winter. The tracks you see  
are those of a goat. But let  
us stay here, where their  
tomb is.’

And with the iron head of his  
hoe he broke the ice of  
the spring where the  
naiads used to laugh. He  
picked up some huge  
cold fragments, and,  
raising them to the pale  
sky, gazed through them.

The night

Now it is I who is looking  
for him.  
Every night, very quietly, I  
leave the house,  
and I go a long way,  
to his meadow, to watch  
him sleep.

Sometimes I go a long  
while without speaking,  
happy to see him only,  
and I put my lips to  
his,  
to kiss only his breath.

Then suddenly I lay on  
top of him.  
He wakes up in my arms,  
and he cannot get up  
anymore because of  
my teasing!  
He gives up, and laughs,  
and he hugs me.  
So we play in the night.

...First dawn, O wicked  
clarity, you already?  
In what den, always  
nocturnal,  
on what underground  
meadow can we  
love so long, that we lose  
your memory?

Interval

## Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

### Kerner Lieder Op. 35 (1840)

Justinus Kerner

#### Lust der Sturmnacht

#### Joy in a stormy night

Wenn durch Berg' und Tale  
draussen  
Regen schauert, Stürme  
brausen,  
Schild und Fenster hell  
erklrren,  
Und in Nacht die Wander  
irren,

When rainstorms gust  
and rage outside  
over mountains and  
valleys,  
when inn-signs and  
windows rattle loud  
and travellers are lost in  
the night,

Ruht es sich so süß hier  
innen,  
Aufgelöst in sel'ges Minnen;  
All der goldne  
Himmelsschimmer  
Flieht herein in's stille  
Zimmer:

How sweet to be at peace  
indoors,  
to surrender to blissful love;  
all the golden glow of  
heaven  
takes refuge in this quiet  
room.

Reiches Leben! hab'  
Erbarmen!  
Halt mich fest in linden  
Armen!  
Lenzesblumen aufwärts  
dringen,  
Wölklein ziehn und Vöglein  
singen.

Abundant life, have  
mercy on me!  
Let gentle arms hold me  
tight!  
Spring flowers will shoot  
up,  
clouds disperse and birds  
sing.

Ende nie, du Sturmnacht  
wilde!  
Klirrt, ihr Fenster! schwankt,  
ihr Schilde!  
Bäumt euch, Wälder! braus',  
o Welle!  
Mich umfängt des Himmels  
Helle!

Never end, O wild night of  
storm!  
Let windows rattle, let  
inn-signs sway!  
Rear up, O forests; roar, O  
waves!  
I'm locked in heaven's  
bright embrace!

#### Stirb, Lieb und Freud!

#### Die, love and joy!

Zu Augsburg steht ein hohes  
Haus,  
Nah' bei dem alten Dom,  
Da tritt am hellen Morgen  
aus  
Ein Mägdelein gar  
fromm;  
Gesang erschallt,  
Zum Dome wallt  
Die liebe Gestalt.

In Augsburg stands a  
lofty house  
nearby the old cathedral,  
from where, one bright  
morning,  
a devout young girl steps  
out;  
hymns resound,  
the lovely figure  
walks to the cathedral.

Dort vor Marias heilig  
Bild  
Sie betend niederkniet,  
Der Himmel hat ihr Herz  
erfüllt,

There before the Virgin  
Mary  
she kneels down in prayer,  
heaven has pervaded her  
heart

Und alle Weltlust  
flieht:  
„O Jungfrau rein!  
Lass mich allein  
Dein eigen sein!“

and all worldly pleasures  
flee:  
'O Virgin pure!  
Let me be  
yours alone!

Als bald der Glocken  
dumfer Klang  
Die Betenden erweckt,  
Das Mägdlein wallt die Hall'  
entlang,  
Es weiss nicht, was es  
trägt;  
Am Haupte, ganz  
Von Himmelsglanz,  
Einen Lilienkranz.

As soon as the sound of  
muffled bells  
summons the worshippers,  
the young girl walks down  
the nave,  
not knowing what she  
wears;  
upon her head  
a heavenly bright  
lily crown.

Mit Staunen schauen all die  
Leut'  
Dies Kränzlein licht im Haar,  
Das Mägdlein aber wallt  
nicht weit,  
Tritt vor den Hochaltar:  
„Zur Nonne weiht  
Mich arme Maid!  
Stirb, Lieb' und Freud'!“

All the people gaze in  
wonder  
at her halo of bright flowers,  
the young girl though  
only moves  
as far as the high altar:  
'Take me, poor maid,  
to be a nun!  
Die, love and joy!

Gott gib, dass dieses  
Mägdlein  
Ihr Kränzlein friedlich  
trag'  
Es ist die Herzallerliebste mein,  
Bleibt's bis zum jüngsten  
Tag.  
Sie weiss es nicht. –  
Mein Herz zerbricht –  
Stirb, Lieb' und Licht!

God grant that this young  
girl  
might wear her crown in  
peace!  
She is my own true love  
and shall be till Judgment  
Day.  
She does not know. –  
My heart is breaking –  
Die, love and light!

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment  
have ended.

## Wanderlied

Wohlauf! noch getrunken  
Den funkelnden Wein!  
Ade nun, ihr Lieben!  
Geschieden muss sein.  
Ade nun, ihr  
Berge,  
Du väterlich Haus!  
Es treibt in die Ferne  
Mich mächtig hinaus.

Die Sonne, sie bleibt  
Am Himmel nicht stehn,  
Es treibt sie, durch Länder  
Und Meere zu gehn.  
Die Woge nicht haftet  
Am einsamen Strand,  
Die Stürme, sie brausen  
Mit Macht durch das Land.

Mit eilenden Wolken  
Der Vogel dort zieht,  
Und singt in der Ferne  
Ein heimatlich Lied.  
So treibt es den  
Burschen  
Durch Wälder und Feld,  
Zu gleichen der Mutter,  
Der wandernden Welt.

Da grüssen ihn Vögel  
Bekannt über'm Meer,  
Sie flogen von Fluren  
Der Heimat hieher;  
Da duften die Blumen  
Vertraulich um ihn,  
Sie trieben vom  
Lande  
Die Lüfte dahin.

Die Vögel die kennen  
Sein väterlich Haus,  
Die Blumen, die pflanzt'  
er  
Der Liebe zum  
Strauss,  
Und Liebe die folgt ihm,  
Sie geht ihm zur Hand:  
So wird ihm zur Heimat  
Das ferneste Land.

## Erstes Grün

Du junges Grün, du frisches  
Gras!  
Wie manches Herz durch  
dich genas,

## Song of travel

Come! One more draught  
of sparkling wine!  
Farewell now, loved ones!  
It's time to part.  
Farewell now, you  
mountains,  
you my father's house!  
I've a great urge  
to journey afar.

The sun does not  
stand still in the sky,  
but is urged to go  
over land and sea.  
The waves don't cling  
to the lonely shore,  
and tempests roar  
mightily over the land.

The bird joins in flight  
the scudding clouds,  
and in a far-off land  
sings a homely song.  
The young man too is  
urged,  
through forests and fields,  
to match his mother,  
the journeying earth.

Birds greet him as friends  
over the sea,  
they flew from the fields  
of his native land;  
he knows the scent  
of the flowers around him,  
they were borne on the  
winds  
of his own country.

Those birds know well  
his father's house,  
he once planted those  
flowers  
for his sweetheart's  
bouquet,  
and love now follows,  
and succours him:  
thus he feels at home  
in the most distant of lands.

## First green

You young green, you  
fresh grass!  
How many hearts have  
you healed

Das von des Winters Schnee  
erkrankt,  
O wie mein Herz nach dir  
verlangt!

Schon wächst du aus der  
Erde Nacht,  
Wie dir mein Aug' entgegen  
lacht!  
Hier in des Waldes stillem  
Grund  
Drück' ich dich, Grün, an  
Herz und Mund.

Wie treibt's mich von den  
Menschen fort!  
Mein Leid das hebt kein  
Menschenwort;  
Nur junges Grün, an's Herz  
gelegt,  
Macht, dass mein Herze  
stiller schlägt.

## Sehnsucht nach der Waldgegend

Wär' ich nie aus euch  
gegangen,  
Wälder, hehr und wunderbar!

Hieltet liebend mich  
umfängen  
Doch so lange, lange Jahr! –

Wo in euren Dämmerungen  
Vogelsang und Silberquell,  
Ist auch manches Lied  
entsprungen  
Meinem Busen, frisch und  
hell;

Eure Wogen, eure Hallen,  
Euer Säuseln nimmer müd,  
Eure Melodien alle  
Weckten in der Brust das  
Lied.

Hier in diesen weiten Triften  
Ist mir alles öd' und stumm,  
Und ich schau' in blauen  
Lüften  
Mich nach Wolkenbildern um.

Wenn ihr's in den Busen  
zwinget,  
Regt sich selten nur das Lied;  
Wie der Vogel halb nur  
sinet,  
Den von Baum und Blatt man  
schied.

that fell ill from the  
winter's snow,  
O how my heart longs for  
you!

Already you wake from  
the earth's night,  
how my eyes laugh to  
behold you!  
Here in the forest's silent  
depths  
I press you, O green, to  
my heart and lips.

How I'm driven to shun  
mankind!  
No human word can ease  
my sorrow;  
only young grass laid on  
my heart  
can make it beat more  
calmly.

## Longing for woodland

Would that I had never  
left you,  
majestic, wondrous  
woods!

You surrounded me  
lovingly  
for many a long year! –

Where in your twilit places  
birds and silvery streams  
were heard, many a song  
also flowed,  
fresh and bright, from my  
heart;

Your waving, your echoing,  
your untiring murmur,  
all your melodies  
awoke in my breast the  
songs.

Here in these wide pastures  
all is desolate and silent,  
and I search the blue  
skies  
for any sign of cloud.

If you try to force a  
song,  
it will seldom succeed;  
just as caged birds only  
half sing,  
when severed from leafy  
trees.



## Auf das Trinkglas eines verstorbenen Freundes

Du herrlich Glas, nun stehst  
du leer,  
Glas, das er oft mit Lust  
gehoben;  
Die Spinne hat rings um dich  
her  
Indes den düstren Flor  
gewoben.

Jetzt sollst du mir gefüllet  
sein  
Mondhell mit Gold der  
deutschen Reben!  
In deiner Tiefe heil'gen  
Schein  
Schau' ich hinab mit  
frommem Beben.

Was ich erschau' in deinem  
Grund  
Ist nicht Gewöhnlichen zu  
nennen,  
Doch wird mir klar zu dieser  
Stund',  
Wie nichts den Freund vom  
Freund kann trennen.

Auf diesen Glauben, Glas so  
hold!  
Trink' ich dich aus mit  
hohem Mute.  
Klar spiegelt sich der Sterne  
Gold,  
Pokal, in deinem teuren  
Blute.

Still geht der Mond das Tal  
entlang,  
Ernst tönt die mitternächt'ge  
Stunde,  
Leer steht das Glas, der  
heil'ge Klang  
Tönt nach in dem kristall'nen  
Grunde.

## Wanderung

Wohlauf und frisch gewandert  
Ins unbekannte Land!  
Zerrissen, ach! zerrissen,  
Ist manches teure Band.

Ihr heimatlichen  
Kreuze,  
Wo ich oft betend lag,  
Ihr Bäume, ach! ihr Hügel,

## To the wine glass of a departed friend

Glorious glass, now you  
stand empty,  
glass he raised often with  
delight;  
the spider meanwhile has  
spun  
his sombre web around  
you.

Now shall you be filled for  
me  
moonbright with the gold  
of German vines!  
I tremble devoutly as I  
gaze  
into the sacred lustre of  
your depths.

What I behold deep  
within you  
should not be told to  
ordinary mortals,  
yet at this hour I  
realise  
how nothing can part  
friend from friend.

To that belief, then,  
sweetest glass!  
I drain you in exalted  
mood.  
Clear in your precious  
blood, O chalice,  
the golden stars are  
mirrored.

The moon slips silently  
down the valley,  
gravely sounds the  
midnight hour,  
the glass stands empty,  
the sacred sound  
still echoes in its crystal  
depths.

## Wandering

Arise and travel briskly  
into unknown lands!  
Severed, ah! severed  
is many a true bond.

You crosses of my  
homeland,  
where often I prayed,  
you trees, ah! you hills,

Oh blickt mir segnend  
nach!

Noch schläft die weite  
Erde,  
Kein Vogel weckt den Hain,  
Doch bin ich nicht verlassen,  
Doch bin ich nicht allein:

Denn, ach! auf meinem Herzen  
Trag' ich ihr teures Pfand,  
Ich fühl's, und Erd' und  
Himmel  
Sind innig mir verwandt.

## Stille Liebe

Könnst' ich dich in Liedern  
preisen,  
Säng' ich dir das längste  
Lied.  
Ja, ich würd' in allen Weisen  
Dich zu singen, nimmer  
müd'.

Doch was immer mich  
betrübte,  
Ist, dass ich nur immer  
stumm,  
Tragen kann dich, Herzgeliebte!  
In des Busens Heiligtum.

Dieser Schmerz hat mich  
bezwungen,  
Dass ich sang dies kleine  
Lied,  
Doch von bitterm Leid  
durchdrungen,  
Dass noch keins auf dich  
geriet.

## Frage

Wärst du nicht, heil'ger  
Abendschein!  
Wärst du nicht, sternerhellte  
Nacht!  
Du Blütenschmuck! Du  
üpp'ger Hain!  
Und du, Gebirg' voll ernster  
Pracht!  
Du Vogelsang aus Himmeln  
hoch!  
Du Lied aus voller  
Menschenbrust!  
Wärst du nicht – ach! was  
füllte noch  
In arger Zeit ein Herz mit  
Lust? –

give me your blessing as I  
go!

The wide world is still  
asleep,  
no bird yet wakes the wood,  
yet I am not forsaken,  
yet I am not alone:

For ah! on my heart  
I wear her precious pledge,  
I press it, and earth and  
heaven  
are near and dear to me.

## Silent love

If I could praise you in  
songs,  
I'd sing you the longest  
song,  
yes, I'd never tire of singing  
every tune in praise of  
you.

But to my eternal sadness  
  
I can only carry you  
silently,  
my dearest love,  
in the shrine of my heart!

This anguish has  
compelled me  
to sing you this little song,  
  
most bitterly regretting  
that  
none has done you  
justice yet.

## Question

If you did not exist, holy  
light of evening!  
If you did not exist, starlit  
night!  
You, flowery bouquets!  
You, lush groves!  
And you, mountain ranges  
of grave splendour!  
You, birdsong from  
heaven on high!  
You, full-throated human  
song!  
If you did not exist – ah!  
what could delight  
the heart in  
adversity?

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment  
have ended.*

## Stille Tränen

Du bist vom Schlaf  
erstanden  
Und wandelst durch die  
Au,  
Da liegt ob allen Landen  
Der Himmel  
wunderblau.

So lang du ohne  
Sorgen  
Geschlummert schmerzenlos,  
Der Himmel bis zum Morgen  
Viel Tränen niedergoss.

In stillen Nächten weinet  
Oft mancher aus den  
Schmerz,  
Und Morgens dann ihr  
meinet,  
Stets fröhlich sei sein Herz.

## Wer machte dich so krank?

Dass du so krank geworden,  
Wer hat es denn gemacht? –  
Kein kühler Hauch aus Norden,  
Und keine Sternennacht.

Kein Schatten unter Bäumen,  
Nicht Glut des Sonnenstrahls,  
Kein Schlummern und kein  
Träumen  
Im Blütenbett' des Tals.

Dass ich trag' Todeswunden,  
Das ist der Menschen Tun;  
Natur liess mich gesunden,  
Sie lassen mich nicht  
ruhn.

## Alte Laute

Hörst du den Vogel  
singen?  
Siehst du den  
Blütenbaum?  
Herz! kann dich das nicht  
bringen  
Aus deinem bangen Traum?

Was hör' ich? Alte  
Laute  
Wehmüt'ger  
Jünglingsbrust,

## Silent tears

You have arisen from  
sleep  
and wander through the  
meadow,  
over all the countryside  
the sky lies wondrously  
blue.

While you slumbered free  
of care  
and free of sorrow,  
the sky shed many tears  
until morning dawned.

Many a man in silent nights  
will often weep out his  
sorrow,  
then in the morning you  
imagine  
his heart is always happy.

## Who made you so ill?

Who has caused you  
to become so ill?  
No cool north wind,  
no starlit night.

No shade-giving tree,  
nor heat of the sun,  
neither sleep nor  
dreams  
among the valley's flowers.

That I bear mortal wounds,  
that is the work of men;  
nature healed me,  
mankind gives me no  
peace.

## Sounds from the past

Can you hear the bird  
singing?  
Can you see the  
blossoming tree?  
Can that not deliver you,  
O heart!  
from your anxious dream?

What do I hear? Sounds  
from the past  
from the breast of a  
melancholy young man,

Der Zeit, als ich vertraute  
Der Welt und ihrer Lust.

Die Tage sind  
vergangen,  
Mich heilt kein Kraut der Flur;  
Und aus dem Traum, dem  
bängen,  
Weckt mich ein Engel nur.

## Abendlied Op. 107 No. 6 (1851-2) Gottfried Kinkel

Es ist so still geworden,  
Verrauscht des Abends  
Wehn,  
Nun hört man aller  
Orten  
Der Engel Füsse gehn.

Rings in die Tiefe  
senket  
Sich Finsternis mit Macht;  
Wirf ab, Herz, was dich  
kränket,  
Und was dir bange  
macht!

Nun stehn im  
Himmelskreise  
Die Stern' in Majestät;  
In gleichem, festem Gleise  
Der goldne Wagen geht.

Und gleich den Sternen  
lenket  
Er deinen Weg durch  
Nacht;  
Wirf ab, Herz, was dich  
kränket,  
Und was dir bange  
macht!

from the time when I trusted  
the world and its pleasures.

Those days have now  
passed,  
no meadow herb will heal  
me;  
and from my anxious  
dream  
only an angel shall wake me.

## Evening song

It has become so still;  
the evening breeze has  
dropped;  
now in every place the  
footsteps  
of angels can be heard.

All around, darkness  
gathers  
and sinks down deep;  
my heart, cast off what  
ails you  
and what causes you  
distress!

Now the stars appear in  
majesty  
in the vault of heaven;  
likewise the golden chariot  
passes on its sure course.

So too it will guide your  
way  
by the stars through the  
night;  
cast off, my heart, what  
ails you  
and what causes you  
distress!

*Translations of all Brahms except 'Lerchengesang' and all Schumann except 'Abendlied' by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. 'Lerchengesang' by Richard Stokes. Strohl by Ema Nikolovska. Debussy by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP.*